but, at the moment, like a dream also, it was commonplace itself. I woke in the cabin of a liner, breakfasted on porridge and eggs and bacon, packed, heard that the island was sighted, and went on deck to see. Sure enough there was a cloud on the cloudy pearl-grey and light-blue of the Pacific horizon which was a shade more substantial than a cloud. It grew, and they said it was the island of Moorea. Within an hour Moorea was plain to see a mile or two on our port and there was another cloud upon our starboard. That was Tahiti.

One paced restlessly across the deck from one side to the other. I had never heard of Moorea (for it used, I now know, to be called Eimeo) and it was so beautiful that it was hard to tear oneself away ; but I was bound for Tahiti, swimming in mist there on the starboard, and was haunted by the fear that I would miss something of the magic if I did not stand and gaze. If

there were
in Tahiti anything like these writhen, fantastic,
lovely peaks vestured in a riot of fern and bush and
trees; anything like that gentle shore-fringe of
coco-nut groves, deserted and lonely, sun-shot,